

Surviving Halloween

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Summary: This is Laurie Strode's POV. It ties the movies together, and what her thoughts might have been. The characters aren't mine, and I am making no profit from this story.

Surviving Halloween

Halloween. The one night of the year I dread more than anything. When I was a little girl, my parents used to take me trick or treating every year, it was my favorite holiday. We would carve Jack-O-Lanterns, bob for apples, watch old scary movies on TV. That all changed when I was seventeen. It was Halloween night, and I was due to babysit Tommy Doyle, who was around eight. He was a good kid, but he had quite an imagination. My best friends, Annie and Lynda always teased me for never going out on dates, and for babysitting a lot. I didn't mind it, though. That night, Annie was supposed to babysit Lindsey Wallace, but talked me into taking over so that she could spend the evening with her boyfriend, Paul. Being the saint that I am, I agreed.

Tommy had been terrified of the Boogeyman, and was convinced he was coming after him. I assured him that there was no Boogeyman, and even if there was, I'd be there to protect him. Little did I know that the Boogeyman was real. He came in the form of Michael Myers. He killed Annie, Lynda, and Lynda's boyfriend, Bob. He also killed Lindsey Wallace's German Shepherd. It was horrifying, finding all my friends' bodies. That night, Dr. Loomis saved me from suffering the same fate, by shooting Michael with six rounds. Unfortunately, that wasn't enough to stop him. He got away. I was pretty injured. My leg was sprained from when I fell down the stairs, and Michael had cut me in the arm with a large, butcher knife. I still have the scar to this day. An ambulance came and took me to the hospital to be checked out. There was this boy who was around my age, one of the paramedics. Nice guy. Jimmy Lloyd. I liked him. He offered to bring me a soda while I was recovering, but I never got it. Guess he forgot. Anyway, I fell asleep and had a strange dream.

In the dream, I was a little girl, talking to my mother, who was outside, hanging laundry on the lines. She told me she wasn't really my mother. Then the dream switched over, and I was in a mental hospital. There was a boy sitting in a chair, looking out the window. He turned when he heard me, and his eyes were so dark and cold. It gave me the chills. That's when I figured it out. Michael Myers was my older brother. He had murdered our older sister, Judith, when she was seventeen, and he was only six. I was just a baby. After he was committed, my biological parents had been killed in a car crash, and I was adopted by the Strodes.

Michael escaped and has come back for me. At first, I never understood why he would want to kill his family, but later found out from Dr. Loomis. He was cursed with something called Thorn. That Halloween night, fifteen years ago, a voice told him to murder his entire family. Only then would the curse be gone. Michael had come to the hospital, and had killed a lot of people, but again, Dr. Loomis came to my rescue, and had sacrificed his own life, by blowing both himself and Michael up. I watched as Michael's body was burning. I never got to see his ashes. I wish I did. For it would give me closure.

In the ambulance, on my way to another hospital, I had found out that Jimmy survived as well. We ended up dating and falling in love. Finally, we had got married, and ended up having a little girl, whom we named Jamie. She was a real bundle of sunshine for us. Fortunately, Dr. Loomis had survived the fire, but one side of his face was burned. I had never seen Michael's ashes, so I was never convinced he was really dead. It ate away at me for years. Jimmy had tried to convince me that he was dead, that we had a family, and we should move on.

Finally, he got tired of my bullshit, and presented me with divorce papers. Jamie was six and a half when I faked my death. I did it to ensure her safety. I knew that Michael Myers was alive, I knew it in my heart, and knew that he would come back. Dr. Loomis had helped me, for I had contacted him, and he told me that I was right. Michael wasn't dead, but he was in a coma. Together we faked my death via car crash, and Jamie was adopted by the Carruthers family.

I moved to California, where I went to college, and ended up becoming a teacher. I changed my name to Keri Tate. I met another man, and we got married, and had a son, John. I figured since I was now in the Witness Protection Program, that I wouldn't have to give up another child. I couldn't. Not again. My second marriage lasted two years, and he left me. I'm good at picking men, huh? I had told John about his uncle, and that on Halloween, he would kill people, and that's why we never celebrated the holiday. I felt guilty, because John watched as all his friends got to go trick or treating and have Halloween parties and dress up, but I was afraid that if we celebrated, Michael would come back. By the time John became a teenager, he was starting to rebel. Sure, he loved me, but he was getting sick of my overprotectiveness. I never told him about Jamie, I couldn't bring myself to. I just hoped that wherever she was, she was alright.

On Halloween day, 1998, I was teaching a class, and one of my students, Sarah, came up to read a report. Wouldn't you know it would be about Halloween and Michael Myers. The class didn't know I was Laurie Strode, they thought of me only as Miss Tate. My heart almost

leaped out of my throat, when Jamie was mentioned, and murdered by Michael three years ago. He had found her. God help me, Michael had found her, and killed her. I later found out he impregnated her, too. It was all too much to take. I ran out of the classroom and vomited my breakfast in one of the restrooms. Michael had got Jamie. The asshole had got my first child. I knew that he would find me, and I wouldn't let him get John, too.

He'll come for me, and when he does, I'll be prepared.

FIN

End
file.